

Acta Victoriana

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APRIL
1908

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EDUCATION DEPARTMENT CALENDAR FOR 1908 (in part)

March:

1. Night Schools close (Session 1907-8).

April:

1. Returns by Clerks of counties, cities, etc., of population, to Department, due.
13. Annual examination in Applied Science begins.
15. Reports on Night Schools, due (Session 1907-8).
16. High Schools, second term, and Public and Separate Schools close.
17. GOOD FRIDAY.
20. EASTER MONDAY.
21. Annual Meeting of the Ontario Educational Association at Toronto.
27. High Schools (Third Term), and Public and Separate Schools open after Easter Holidays.
30. Notice by candidates for the High School Entrance Examination, to Inspectors, due.

May:

1. Toronto University Examinations in Arts, Law, Medicine and Agriculture begin.
1. ARMOR DAY.
22. EMPIRE DAY.
Notice by candidates for the District Certificate, Junior and Senior Teachers' Examinations, University Matriculation and Commercial Specialist Examinations, to Inspectors, due.

25. VICTORIA DAY (Monday).

26. Inspectors to report number of candidates for District Certificate, Junior and Senior Teachers', University Matriculation and Commercial Specialist Examinations.
30. Assessors to settle basis of taxation in Union School Sections.

June:

1. Public and Separate School Boards to appoint representatives on the High School Entrance Boards of Examiners.
By-law to alter School boundaries—last day of passing.
7. University Commencement.
12. Senior Matriculation Examination in Arts, Toronto University, begins.
19. Provincial Normal Schools close (Second Term).
22. Inspectors' Report on Legislative grant, due.
23. Model School Entrance and Public School Graduation Examinations begin.
24. High School Entrance Examination begins.
29. University Matriculation Examinations begin.
30. High, Public and Separate Schools, close.
Protestant Separate School Trustees to transmit to County Inspectors names and attendance during the last preceding six months.
Trustees' Reports to Truant Officers, due.

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"CALLER HERRIN'"

Acta Victoriana



Published monthly during the College year by the Union
Literary Society of Victoria University, Toronto

Vol. XXXI.

Toronto, April, 1908.

No. 7

When the Prince Passed By

"HARK! What is it the people say?
The Prince is coming this way to-day!"
Quoth the beggar-maid by the roadside bare,

"I will sing a song
As he comes along,

And twine these roses within my hair;

It may be the Prince will find me fair.

I have waited long," said the maid with a sigh,

"To see the Prince pass by."

.

A clatter of hoofs! a flash of steel!
The sound of a trumpet's brazen peal,
And the glittering knights, on their charges fleet,

Came prancing along,

A merry throng,

The Prince in their midst, so tall and fair,

With no thought for the maiden standing there,

Whose liquid notes, so full and sweet,

Were lost in the tramp of horses' feet.

Louder the clarion trumpet blew,

And faster the brilliant pageant flew.

"He heeds me not!" came the bitter cry:

And—the Prince passed by.

A. M. B., '10.

Hewers of Wood

A STORY OF A WEAKLING WHO WENT TO THE WALL.

WALTER CORNISH.

TWICE the horn had sounded for supper, but still the knot of red-shirted men was tied to the quivering shadow thrown by the clump of gaunt hemlocks that Alphonse Tryon had christened "The Maiden Aunts."

A great star sparkled through the pillar of white smoke rising silently from the camp-kitchen to the sky of dark-blue, where a new moon dropped light on the crisp snow and squat shanties of yellow pine. The air was sweet as a nut; but Jack Cassidy remembering his hollow tooth, spat it out with a saying of impatience. And Happy Dick supplemented:

"Lak out, there. I'm pizened if this ain't the sleepest Cabinet meeting that ever gev me an invite. And unless you quit right now, I'm off to the cookery to toast my head; 'cause there's a wind ripping at my face like a stepmother's breath. Say, 'aven't you done?'"

"Then ye bain't wishful of the honor of spokesman?" said the giant from the West of England, with a quizzical gesture.

"Sartinly," retorted the red-nosed boy, in sudden anger at being thus singled out. "Be-gosh, if you think I'm skeered of the chalk-face of Hector's dough-god, you're a blank sight bigger—"

To—o—t! To—o—t!

The wail of the horn triumphed over an undertone of suppressed chuckles, as the gang, with evident relief, moved away to supper, leaving Happy Dick speechlessly rooted to the spot, unconsolated by the well-meaning ministrations of his bosom friend.

"Dear Dickie," gurgled the delighted ex-school teacher, who had but lately taken to the woods, and whose virgin mind still revelled in irresponsible chatter and suggestions of backwoods daredevilry. "Dear Dickie, give me thy hand. I have some things to say. Thou art a smart coon, and if thou dost disappoint the assembly yonder, thou wilt bring the white hairs of thy servant to the grave. Dickie, give this man adjectives. Think of Beaver Johnson groaning last night with dyspepsia. Be an avenging angel. Think of Joe—"

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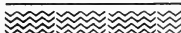
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"Stop your fool-talk," snapped the unhappy one, with a facial expression of anxious worry. "'Tain't that I'm afraid of the blamed lad. But it's the quiet, gentlemanly way of him that makes me kind of sorry for the crass fool. I tell you, Johnny, when I called him down yesterday morning over the milk that wasn't there, he just turned and looked at me with them big, solemn eyes in a way that fairly froze the words in my throat. Gosh, I felt like a penny stamp."

For a moment the listener looked thoughtful.

"Where did he come from?"

"Dunno. Old Hector picked him up somewhere, and brought him in on the same jumper that took Jim Pringle out. Sort of stray dog, I guess."

"Well, my son, if you don't make him yelp after the banquet to-night, you'll be a mighty unpopular man. That's all. Come along."

"But, say!"

The face of Richard was a study in subdued agony.

"Come on!"

"Say, Johnny, how'll I—?"

"Come on!"

The phrase cracked like the whip of doom, as the tormenting figure of the mentor slipped into the blaze of light which suddenly burst from the shanty's threshold.

Then the heavy door voluntarily closed, leaving the frantic blacksmith in the outer night. For quite a couple of minutes he paced up and down over the crackling snow-crust behind the camp, his hands agitatedly tearing the linings of his pockets, and his lips muttering jerky phrases, which sounded suspiciously like the rough draft of an oration.

Finally, he raised his head, took a long breath, a few hasty strides, and with his own hand opened the ominous door.

The big, rough dining-room was filled with rows of variegated humanity, intent on the swift swallowing of Tom Taplin's weak tea, raisin pies and stewed beef.

Now, whilst it is perfectly correct that any mild obliging Government inspector or benevolent minister would have discovered nothing but a pleasant glow of moral sentiment at the sight of four-score stalwarts wading through the toppling piles of provender, yet, at the risk of hurting the feelings of any genial romancist, the naked truth must be revealed.

A decided swirl of ugly rebellion flowed through the low chatter which ran round the half-dozen long tables, in defiance

of the printed cardboard. "Camp Regulations of Boothby, Biggs & Co.," hung on a beam overhead.

Ragtime Bob swelled visibly with moral indignation.

"Wot d'ye call this?" he appealed to his fellow-diners, holding up a sickly piece of half-baked paste between a grimy thumb and forefinger. "The biggest hog at this table, which is the wall-eyed Yankee—"

The gentle-looking man from Michigan dropped his fork in mild surprise.

"The wall-eyed Yankee," continued Bob, gleaming with secret joy, "never put his long teeth into such measly tack. If this feller don't get the bounce to-morrow, I'll tell Charley Biggs to his face that he 'aven't got a head big enough to fill a tin dipper. Sixty-five dollars a month for That!"

The remorseless finger and thumb shot out under Johnny Dudman's nose, which disgustedly drew back from the sticky morsel. Johnny was a Cockney East-ender, with a weasel-like air and a seventh-day partiality for cheap scent and gold stick-pins.

"Sye, you fellahs, ain't you going to kick up a bloomin' riot? This 'ere putty ain't fit for a dawg."

A unanimous growl of assent arose, and Mr. Dudman was proceeding to catalogue loudly the culinary atrocities of which he had been the pathetic victim for the past two months, when the chore-boy smote him in the small of the back.

"Dry up, loon. Here's Hector!"

The funny big man who had just jumped into a seat was capable of securing silence simply by the moral force of his fierce moustache. And if this had, by any wild stretch of imagination, proved insufficient to maintain the homage demanded by Messrs. Boothby, Biggs & Company, the pair of iron-rimmed eyeglasses, perched on a huge Roman nose, would have sufficed to daunt the soul of the most sanguinary insurrectionist.

Save for a stealthy whisper here and there, and a somewhat vicious clatter of tin utensils, a respectful cessation of warfare dwelt in the camp of Hector McFail.

Thus, it was not until the foreman began to pick his teeth that the faint-hearted Richard made desperate essays to rise to his feet. That he failed thrice was probably due to the soreness of his shins, which had been mercilessly battered under cover of the table. When success crowned his attempts, he found, to his unspeakable alarm, that the temperature of his face was swiftly rising to a Fahrenheit degree of slightly more than 102,

and that—worst horror of all—his tongue had unkindly fastened itself to the roof of the mouth. A tremendous subterranean thump, however, speedily remedied these little matters, and the soul of Cassidy promptly rushed into a terrific string of sentences which, in the calm opinion of Political Pete, might easily have proved the everlasting fame of a budding statesman at Ottawa.

Turning towards the quiet figure of the cook, but keeping his eyes glued on the latter's old-fashioned watch fob, he began:

"Friends-all-and-Mr.-Cook. In-the-hull-course - of - my-life-right-back-from-the-benefits-of - civilized-society-and-good-whiskey- (Hear! Hear) -has-my-duty-ever-been-so-onpleasant-in-all-my-career. If - everything - was -good-and-tight-we'd-live-a -life-time-and-never-yelp. But 'tain't! That's the thing of it! The pertaters is worse than shingles; there's coal oil in the bread, and Bill Murdoch has counted fifteen bits of rock in three currant pies to-night." (A voice: "Ear!") "And, be-gosh, we've all been chewing rag for a month."

"Mister Cook, I don't know who you are, nor what you are. I only know you're a blamed gentleman, and a blank sight better man than Tim Fossett,—(Hear!)—who's been sneakin' like a grass snake after your dibs ever since you hopped in."

The chore-boy glared angrily, but did not try to speak.

"But yez can't cook, lad. Yez positively can't,—for beans. An' you've got to quit! You or us. We wishes you to jump the camp. Onderstand? This is puttin' it rough, and it'll hew up your feelings considerable; but that's a part of the bargain when you go to work among the scallywags who 'ave put me in this 'ere—"

As the sentiment was evidently growing among the assembly of hearers, that Mr. Cassidy was becoming too eloquent for a purely business affair, a bull-necked teamster, who sat close at hand, considerably applied a pointed hint in the shape of a large brass pin, which abruptly finished the orator, and made the swelling neck of the infuriated foreman grow redder still.

In the expectation of a banner pyrotechnic display, the audience turned with interest to watch Hector's outburst on behalf of the *protégé*, for whom he had nursed some unaccountable liking. But the big man had not the chance to find his feet, or a suitable avalanche of hair-raising diction, when the quaint, lanky figure standing by the stove began to speak.

The voice was not ungentle, but calm and distinct.

"Gentlemen,"—a strange hush arose in the place—"I regret that I have not pleased you. On your behalf I have done my best, and failed. It was honest of you to tell me your wishes direct. I appreciate the spirit of your spokesman, and wish to thank you all, particularly my friend, Mr. McFail, for the forbearance shown to me."

The speaker paused, and put his hand to his breast, as if troubled by some physical pain. Then he went on slowly, in the calm and measured tones that a professor of mathematics might use:

"I have no desire to do anything save submit to the welfare of all. As soon as Mr. McFail can secure a fresh cook, I shall be perfectly willing to withdraw."

The voice stopped, and the man walked steadily to a bench and began to work. For a few curious moments there was absolute silence. Not a foot stirred. The muffled yelping of the clerk's terrier could be heard across the clearing.

Then a great jeering yell of spontaneous laughter rang and rang through the room, until every tin on the tables vibrated.

Tim Fossett at last thought he might safely give vent to his spleenful glee. Though, for some hidden reason, he dared not look at the fellow working unconcernedly in a corner.

In a few minutes the room was empty; in an hour the work for the night was over, and the camp began to lapse into rest. Tim Fossett extinguished every light in the cookery, save one.

"Good night," he said to the cook, with a tinge of malice in the tone.

"Good-night," came the abstracted reply.

It is certain that some very peculiar things were passing through the cook's brain. No sooner had the door closed with a clatter, when his blue-grey eyes began to shine with an unaccustomed glow, and a dark flood of color rushed into his mild face. With nervous restlessness, he paced to and fro across the room, eyeing in succession all its rude contents.

Once he stood looking, with vacant stare, at the gaudy clippings from past Christmas annuals pasted around his bed in the western corner of the room. There he remained for a long time, motionless in thought. Then, as if aroused by the last cracklings of laughter, sounding through the wooden partition, from the men's camp, he turned round to peer strangely at the tin clock ticking on the soap-shelf.

He seemed to be making up his mind to some action or journey, obscured by fitful doubts. Twice he drew from his pocket

a tattered letter, whose heading he scrutinized with anxious care; and twice he spread out on the bench a turkey-red handkerchief, whose several rents slightly displeased him.

After some meditation, he gathered together a few personal belongings—a jacket of mackinaw, a packet of yellow papers, old shoe-packs, several photographs, a bottle of capsules, and a soiled apron—and knotted them into a tight bundle.

Then, with his thin fingers, he unhooked the hanging lamp, carefully blew out the light, and lay down awhile on the rough blankets.

It was unpleasantly cold when the foreman, being a mighty eater and a supernaturally early riser, thrust back the wooden catch of the cookery door. The faint lines of light slanting through the small windows made the surrounding darkness dense and provoking. Cautiously he groped around; but, in an unlucky moment, his foot struck a stray box, and down he sprawled in the jet-shadows, to find that his right cheek rested on the ice-cold, bony face of a sleeper who did not stir. Up he sprang, with hoarse, whispered imprecations, and fumbled in his pockets for a match. Only when he had lighted the lamp did he care to look toward the bed.

The face of the form seemed carved of snow-white marble, and oddly reminded him of an ancient stone figure stored in the crypt of the crumbling parish church at home.

At that moment his eye caught sight of the dead man's bundle. With a clumsy touch, not unminged with reverence, he turned over its poor contents. When he got to the bundle of yellow letters, he sat down and read them through with slow and laborious care.

When he put down the last epistle, his eyes blinked redly, and a hard lump travelled along his throat. With a long glance at his silent friend, he saturated the yellow bundle with coal oil and dropped it into the great stove, to shrivel and melt in the rushing flames.

For a long time he stood listening to the roar of the kindled fire and the answering voices of the wind outside. The gloom lapsed into a shadowy light. The gruff grumbles of the waking men could be plainly heard. As if awakening from an ugly dream, the foreman sighed.

Troubled and bewildered, he again sat down and slowly scratched his head. Who the blazes, out of his hard-worked gang of men, could be spared to fetch a parson from the little settlement of Ridout, thirty-two miles away?

A Review of Mr. John Morley's "Oliver Cromwell"

JAS. E. HORNING, '09.

CROMWELL has at last come into his own. He has appeared before us in many varied semblances, from blood-stained and hypocritical usurper up to transcendental hero and the liberator of mankind. The view of the event and of the most conspicuous actors was, for many generations, fixed by Clarendon's History of the Great Rebellion. To Clarendon, Cromwell was a rebel and a tyrant, a creature of personal ambition, using religion for a mask of selfish and perfidious designs. For nearly two hundred years, this idea of the great Protector prevailed. It was modified to some extent by men like Burke and Godwin; then "the genius and diligence of Carlyle, and firm and manly stroke of Macaulay, have finally shaken down the Clarendonian tradition." But the pendulum swung to the other extreme,—Cromwell was hailed as about the greatest human force ever directed to a moral purpose, therefore, the greatest man that ever trod the stage of public life; he was hailed as one of the most prominent men in history, who, after overthrowing an old system of government, proved themselves successful constructive statesmen.

Where does Mr. Morley stand? His book is keyed above the tone and spirit of controversy. He aims at the clear sight and balanced judgment that will distinguish the correct historic view of that great drama and its actors. "History," he says, "is something besides praise and blame. . . . The thirst for broad classifications plays havoc with truth," but the keynote of his cool and dispassionate pages, in his treatment of the characters of the leaders of both sides, is indicated in the following sentence: "Just as the historic school has come to an end that despatched Oliver Cromwell as a hypocrite, so we are escaping from that other school that dismissed Charles as a tyrant, Laud as a driveller and a bigot, and Wentworth as an apostate." The book does not explain the paradox of Puritanism, which is nothing else than the strangeness of complete success, followed by absolute failure; but it does supply material for thought. It does not give a picture of Cromwell; but it does suggest peculiarities in his character, which go far to explain

his failure in every attempt to construct a system that should outlast his own life. He points out, for instance, Cromwell's impatience, which appears to contrast oddly with his tenacity in the pursuit of his main objects. His impatience made him throw away the one chance of conciliating that vast body of Englishmen who have always prized legality as the one security, either for freedom or progress. No doubt the Rump was a most irritating body; but then statesmanship is shown by not yielding to irritation. "Here we have the master-key to Cromwell's failure as a constructive statesman," says Mr. Morley, and here he is assuredly right. But if I venture to think Mr. Morley's final interpretation errs on the side of depreciation of his subject, I have come to that conclusion in spite of my great admiration for the book as a whole.

Of the five books into which Mr. Morley has divided his work, the third is perhaps the most interesting, as uniting the biographical and political interests of his study. Up to Charles' flight from Oxford, our attention is drawn mainly to Cromwell, as a man living in the midst of great affairs, but only indirectly influencing them. After the execution of the King, we think of him mainly as a statesman. Between these two events there is a marvellous coincidence between the thoughts that agitated Cromwell as a man, and the thoughts that agitated the nation at large. One-half of his mind is constantly employed in combatting the other; and when, at last, he comes to the conclusion that he will "cut off the King's head, with the crown on," he arrives at that conclusion, not exclusively on any well-ordered and logical grounds of argument, but, if an outsider may be allowed to form an opinion, very much as a parliamentary committee does, on grounds in which reason and prejudice, taken in its etymological sense, are mingled in about equal proportions.

Of the high quality of the literary workmanship revealed, it is hardly necessary for me to speak. Mr. Morley, is above all things, a stylist. No one can mistake the laborious care of his writing. No one can suppose he ever adopted Mr. Leslie Stephen's maxim, "To acquire good style, you should never think of style at all." Mr. Morley's style has all the earmarks of great care and labor spent on it, and we can never have it quite out of our minds; he has an epigrammatic power reminding us of Burke; we are filled with admiration for striking phrases, which are always forcible and sententious; but often he gives us a striking dictum or quotation where we want a

clear explanation. "Historians," he writes, "may argue forever about the legalities of what happened, but the two great actors were under no illusions. The only question was, who should draw the sword first, and get home the swiftest thrust. The game was a terrible one, with fierce stakes, *my head or thy head*, and Pym and Strafford knew it." Here we have sentences which mean something, and sentences which the reader will remember, but which do not, when carefully weighed, mean very much. The book fairly abounds in such sentences, which stick in your memory, and captivate your imagination, but are not always enlightening.

But Mr. Morley is full of his subject. There is a general air as if he were writing from a great storehouse of knowledge, of which he only gives us portions, and could give us much more if he thought it wise. And as far as I can judge, he has compiled his information from a close study of the original authorities, not from a study of the works of other men. Of course, only a close student of the period could be sure on this point.

I am heartily in sympathy with the two most sensible things which Mr. Morley repeats as his final comments on the proceeding, namely, that the King's execution was defensible, if defensible at all, as an act of war; and if Charles had got a chance, he would as surely have cut off Cromwell's head as he lost his own. As it was plain to all that there could be no peace for England till Charles was got rid of, it was perhaps for the best that he was got rid of completely and beyond hope of recall.

Mr. Morley is very well fitted by his experience to write on historical and political subjects. His intimate acquaintance with political matters and political men enables him to speak with authority on things which the armchair historian could only touch with hesitation, while his extensive studies keep him for the most part free from the danger besetting the politician who attempts to interpret the thought of past ages, while his knowledge is limited to his own.

But he also finds himself hampered to some extent by his mode of life, and one notices in him an inclination to regard violence offered to a parliament as something much more wicked than violence offered to a king. With him, the forcible expulsion of the Eleven Presbyterian members by the army is the fountain and origin of evils. "For the first time, 'Purge' took its place in the political vocabulary of the day. So now the army attacked eleven, and demanded the ejection of the whole

group of Presbyterian leaders. . . . When we think that the end of these heroic twenty years was the Restoration, it is not easy to see why we should denounce the pedantry of the Parliament, whose ideas, for good or ill at last prevailed, and should reserve all our glorification for the army, who proved to have no ideas that would either work, or that the country would accept. The demand for the expulsion of the eleven was the first step in the path, which was to end in the removal of the Bauble in 1653."

Is there not a point of view from which this is the very opposite of Truth? The removal of the Bauble was a direct attack upon an assembly calling itself a Parliament, and to some extent entitled to the name. "The demand for the expulsion of the Eleven," and even "Pride's Purge," were attacks on the King, when he could only be reached through Parliament. Nor is this a distinction without a difference. It is rather the very essence of the situation. "In every revolution, a concourse of many grievances and a co-operation of many parties is necessary to set the pace; yet in the English, as in every revolution, there was one predominating demand, which towered above all others—a demand for the readjustment of relations between King and Parliament in favor of the latter." (Gardiner.) To enunciate this doctrine was the especial merit of the Presbyterian members, and if doctrines alone were to be taken into consideration, why did not the turmoil cease after August, 1641, or why may we not praise the Eleven rather than the Army, "who proved to have no ideas that would either work, or that the country would accept"? The answer surely is, while nations are influenced by ideas, they are governed by men. The fact is that the whole civil war and the political uprising accompanying it revolved, not around the ideas, constitutional or otherwise, held by this party or that, but around the question whether Charles' character being what it was, he could be trusted to work out the reformed institutions to a beneficial end. The extraordinary interest of Cromwell's biography at this point is that, while his mind was spacious enough to take in the importance of constitutional ideas, he recurred at every crisis to the personal one as towering above all others. At one time he burst out with, "If I met the King in battle, I would pistol him as soon as any other man;" at another time it was, "We will cut off the King's head, with the crown on," and so on. The expulsion of the Eleven and Pride's Purge were means of reducing the King's power to do evil; the

removal of the Bauble can be justified, if at all, on considerations of an entirely different order. This being so, I reserve my glorification for the Army, which proved to have at least one idea which would work, whether the country would accept it or not.

It does not follow that I do not sympathize with Mr. Morley's horror at the employment of force. Yet it does seem to me that he has not rightly distinguished between the employment of force to crush the opinions or aspirations of large bodies of men, and its use to prevent one individual from exercising a baneful influence on the march of affairs. As far as the first is concerned, the doctrine that "force is no remedy" is a golden rule; so far as the latter is concerned, it is constantly set aside in the daily action of every state. Whenever a man is arrested, whenever a prisoner is sentenced to jail or the scaffold, force is used to render it impossible, either temporarily or permanently, that one particular man should use his opportunities for the injury of others. The Army did no more, when it set up the High Court of Justice which sentenced Charles to the block. Mr. Morley has rightly dwelt on the illegality of the sentence, and there may be much room for discussion on the one hand, whether Charles' conduct was such as to require his forcible suppression, and on the other hand, whether banishment or imprisonment would not have been equally successful in attaining the desired end. "Charles I. was remembered and venerated because he was put to death; James II., on escaping to the Continent, lost not only power but prestige, and it may now fairly be doubted if one educated Englishman in a hundred knows the date of James' death." (Gardiner.)

But, on one point especially, has Mr. Morley's clear view and sure touch failed him. His experience as Member of Parliament and Minister of State has led him to blame too harshly actions and ideas which seem to collide with Parliamentary notions, as conceived at the end of the nineteenth century. He absolutely fails to understand Cromwell's constitutional position after Worcester. His eyes are fixed only on Cromwell's action in breaking up three Parliaments directly, and a fourth indirectly. He says, "The development of the British constitution has, in fact, proceeded on lines which he profoundly disliked. The idea of a Parliament always sitting and actively reviewing the details of administration was, in his sight, an intolerable mischief. It was almost the only system against which his supple mind, indifferent as it was to constitutional forms, stood inflex-

ible. Yet this, for good or ill, is our system of to-day.¹⁰ Mr. Morley's idea that Cromwell was contending, in the seventeenth century, against the development of the constitution along the lines it followed during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, I regard as untenable. What he really did attempt was "prematurely to bring into existence the main principles of our present constitution, and he failed, partly because his attempt was premature, partly because he attempted to get his way by force instead of by persuasion." (Gardiner.) What Cromwell had to face was not merely a Parliament consisting of a single House, absolute master of the executive, but a single House, subject to no check of any kind, either from any constitutional body outside it, or, what is far more important, from the nation itself. Is it possible to hold that, in combatting the pretensions of such a House, Cromwell was acting in contravention to the spirit of the later constitution? Is it not a fact that, as soon as the nation felt itself secure, in 1689, it set out to strengthen the checks on that very supremacy of the House of Commons? Mr. Morley might reply, that the House of Commons of the present day is very much like a sovereign assembly,—it calls ministers to account, and, on occasion, breaks down the authority of the House of Lords. My position is that the guardian of the constitution is the nation, not the House of Commons, and the checks on the authority of a single House, which Cromwell desiderated, are to be found in the national conscience. The House of Commons is incapable of shutting up Roman Catholic or Baptist houses of worship, or of passing a Bill to prolong its own life for twenty or thirty years. Its incapacity, however, lies in the overwhelming resistance which would be opposed to such designs by the constituents of the members, with whom they are constantly in touch, and who know, through a free press, what those members are saying and doing from day to day. The power of rejection by the Lords, and of dissolution by the Ministers, are merely pieces of machinery adapted more or less satisfactorily to securing that the wishes of the constituencies are carried out.

If Cromwell had been able to secure this intervention of the nation, he would have raised no objection, as far as I can see, to the existence of a single powerful House. Cromwell's part in the matter was not that he was careless of constitutional forms—unless forms be interpreted in its most limited sense—but that he was inspired by the full constitutional spirit. Up to Jan. 30th, 1649, he threw his whole force into a struggle

against an arbitrary King; after that date he threw his whole force into a struggle against an arbitrary Parliament. The part was too comprehensive to be filled by any man then living; he undertook the work of two centuries, and we can hardly be surprised, not only that he failed, but that he was driven in his haste to have recourse to methods which were not only reprehensible in the eyes of modern politicians, but which raised obstacles impeding his own course. He attempted the impossible task in a spirit which even a constitutional historian may justly commend, though he may also justly criticize the means which the circumstances of the time drove him to adopt. His best epitaph, from a constitutional as well as from every point of view, is:

"Magnis tamen excidit ausis."

The Gospel of the Lilies

YE gracious characters by God's own hand
 Upon another page of promise writ,
 Whose deep tranquility with joy is lit;
 Like laughing eyes o'er all the quiet land:
 Sweet flowers of spring that in your beauty stand,
 Fairer than his array who, throned, did sit
 On ivory, with gold emblazing it,
 Which Ophir yielded at his high demand:

Before the drama of your quiet life,
 Our restless spirits bow in secret awe;
 For blessed moments we are freed from strife
 And live according to our being's law,
 Showing to eyes that may not view His might
 Some softer glory of the Eternal Light.

M. E. C.

A Sketch

"A. H. MANSON."

EVERYONE is familiar with that old-fashioned type of country farmhouse still to be seen on many a concession road in almost any part of Ontario. It is the kind where the house is built around a deep-set verandah; where the verandah is in fact, part of the house, not a mere cumbersome and unsightly addition. Such an abode was never planned by architect, for style and beauty have given way completely and unreservedly to plain, honest comfort. The material of the house may have been roughest, plaster, or just plain clapboards, but so long as the distinctive feature, the cave-like verandah, was present, the heart of the builder was satisfied. But this type of farmhouse was of a generation or two ago, and the present-day survivors are quietly making way for their garish red and white brick descendants.

It was one of the architectural grandfathers of the present age of house-building that nestled down in a contented state of partial decay behind some patriarchal walnut trees a short distance from a well-nigh deserted concession road in one of the back townships. The latest wagon track was, at least, several days old; even the road itself was only making a feeble protest against the riot of weeds and bushes. In front of the house a picket fence was slowly succumbing to decay and rot, and whole sections were ready to topple at the touch of a hand. Even the gravel walk from the creaking gate to the house was fast losing its identity amid the dandelions and grasses.

But the house itself presented the saddest sight. Originally it had been covered with a glaring white plaster; now, where the plaster was still adhering, it was dirty and mouldy. The door at the front was supported by a prop from the inside, boards covered the windows, and even the flooring on the cave-like verandah showed great gaps. Ruin and despair was written large over the house and its surroundings.

All was in contrast with a heavy touring car drawn up close to the fence along the roadside and partly buried in the tall weeds. The sole occupant of the motor-car was a man, a man of about sixty years, enveloped in a long ulster and wearing a hideous pair of dust goggles. He carefully removed the goggles, felt his way from the seat into the jungle of sweet clover and golden rod, and glanced towards the house with a very perceptible look of surprise. He mused as he thought of the changes wrought by the years.

"So this is the old home, is it?" he said, half to himself, as he made his way towards the house, through the tangled undergrowth of the once prim and well-kept garden. It was very different from the time he saw it last; but still it was home—the old home—his home. As he sat down on the edge of the verandah his thoughts wandered. He recalled the summer evenings spent on this very verandah when the chores were done and the bars put up in the pasture field, when the family would gather together just before the dusk, and his father would read from the weekly newspaper, the *Montreal Witness*, of the strange world to him that lay over the hilltops. How he used to yearn to take part some day in that bigger life! What a name he would make for himself!

He smiled grimly. He was a great man now. Flatterers did not need to tell him that. He knew it. His associates called him a "giant of finance"; his enemies attacked him as a "close-fisted shark." He had conquered the great pulsating world of finance that lay over the hilltops.

Often he had thought he was happy in an ambition attained, but just as often he knew deep in his heart he was not. He had fought his way to the pinnacle of success well within the doubtful ethical code of modern business. That did not bother him. He knew he was unhappy—that there was a craving he could not satisfy—a craving that demanded more the higher his fortune soared—a craving that fed on money-hust.

But now, within the range of the hilltops, and sitting on the verandah of the old home, he felt a quiet peacefulness steal over him. The drowsy hum of the summer afternoon lulled him. He began to live the old life over again.

For the space of an hour or so he mused. His hard face became mobile, every now and then relaxing into a smile at some pleasant remembrance.

At last the call of the world came to him again. The struggle for success had not been closed as far as he was concerned. He must plunge once more into the turmoil and strife. The past was dead and gone, while the golden future was still lying before him as of old. The fascination of the fight for a material success was stronger than ever. He must bid adieu to the old forsaken home and its memories.

A few minutes later a large touring car glided out from among the tall weeds in front of the house. The sole occupant was a man of about sixty years, who wore a long ulster. He was starting out again to conquer the world that lay over the hilltops—this time to complete the struggle.



Our Heritage from the Ocean

PROF. A. B. MACALLUM, PH.D., LL.D., F.R.S.

THE history of the ocean is a question of absorbing interest to the geologist, the biologist and physiologist. To the geologist, it is associated with the history, on the one hand, of erosion and denudation of the land surfaces, and on the other, of the formation of all sedimentary strata. The ocean, ever since the first condensation of water on the surface of the globe, has acted as a gigantic solvent, and the salts it now holds in solution represent what it has retained after its action for millions of years as a leaching and filtering agent. The sedimentary rocks are thus but a vast precipitate from the ocean of what had been partly suspended and partly dissolved matter in it during the geological periods.

To the biologist, the sea is the original home of all life on the globe, and it was in the sea that the differentiation between animal and vegetable life began. To the biologist, therefore, the solution of some of the problems bearing on the early history of the composition of ocean water affect, also, the questions how life first originated, and why the differentiation occurred.

To both the geologist and the biologist, the history of the chemistry of the ocean recently acquired a new interest from the attempt made by Professor Joly, of Dublin, to determine the age of the earth by estimating the amount of salt annually added to the ocean from the land areas by the river discharge of the globe, and using this as a divisor into the total quantity of sodium chloride in the ocean. The quotient is about 90,000,000, which would represent in years the period which has elapsed since water first condensed on the rock crust of the globe.

It is, however, to the physiologist that the history of the composition of the ocean is of surpassing interest, for it may be

shown that all vertebrates, including man, manifest in the composition of their blood evidence of an oceanic origin; or, to state it more explicitly, the blood plasma of vertebrates, so far as its inorganic salts are concerned, is but a reproduction of sea water of a remote geological period.

It is this point that I wish to develop here.

The composition of ocean water everywhere on the globe is uniform. It is true that, at the mouths of rivers, and in the neighborhood of Arctic ice sheets, or where ice packs or masses melt, it is more dilute than water from the main oceanic basins, and it is further to be noted that, as in the Red Sea and in the Adriatic, where the river inflow is small, or none, the sea water is concentrated; but in all cases the relative proportions of the salts present is the same. The salts present are the chlorides and sulphates of sodium, potassium, calcium and magnesium; and whether the sea water be diluted or concentrated, there are, for every 100 parts by weight of sodium, 3.61 parts of potassium, 3.91 of calcium and 12.00 magnesium.

Now these proportions have been changing, and are at the present time changing; but this change takes place so slowly that it requires millions of years to make a perceptible difference in the proportions. The change is due to the fact that, while river water brings its constant charge of all the salts of sodium, potassium, calcium and magnesium, it is chiefly the salts of the first and the last elements that the ocean retains, and thus the sodium and magnesium have always been, and still are, on the increase in ocean water. The calcium, on the other hand, is very slowly on the increase, for, although it is added in very large quantities in river water, the amount constantly being removed from sea water is almost equally great, simply through its forming carbonate and sulphate of lime, which are insoluble; and further, the potassium is being continually eliminated by the sea weeds and in the mineral glauconite, which is being formed at the sea bottom along the margins of the continents. As the addition of the sodium and magnesium and the removal of the potassium and calcium have gone on in the past, as they now occur, it is obvious that the ocean was once less rich in sodium and magnesium than it is now, and that many millions of years hence there will obtain much higher proportions of sodium and magnesium.

This will make ocean water denser than it is now, and eventually so much so that it will be impossible for air-breathing

animal forms to drown in it, as is the case with the Dead Sea and other densely saline lakes.

Now, in the blood plasma of vertebrates, including man, the proportions are, with one exception, strikingly like those of ocean water of to-day, and this may be seen by placing both series of proportions side by side:

	SODIUM.	POTASSIUM.	CALCIUM.	MAGNESIUM.
Blood Plasma of Man	100	6.69	2.58	0.8
Sea Water	100	3.61	3.91	12.0

The difference between these series of proportions is easily explained. The plasma represents proportions of the sodium, potassium, calcium and magnesium which obtained in ocean water when the circulatory fluid in the ancestors of the vertebrates was simply the sea water of that remote period, and when the circulatory system was as yet not closed off from all connection with the exterior of the body.

When, later, the circulation became closed, the tissues, accustomed as they were to the salts in certain proportions and strengths, reproduced these in the circulatory fluid, and thus the latter has handed down these proportions, although the sea water has since then changed in its composition.

There are forms existing to-day in the sea possessing an open circulatory system, that is, one communicating with the exterior, and in which the circulatory fluid is sea water. Were such forms to develop a closed circulation, their circulatory fluid millions of years hence would repeat the proportions of the elements that are found now in sea water.

There is perhaps no more striking illustration of the force of heredity than is seen in this reproduction, in the blood plasma of the vertebrates of to-day, of the ancient sea water. How long the invertebrate ancestors of vertebrates had an open circulatory apparatus cannot be even surmised; but that it was inconceivably long may be gathered from the fact that the tissues in such forms must have required ages before they could become so physiologically fixed in their relation to salts as to reproduce in the closed circulations the proportions of the salts of the very remotely ancient sea water.

The ancient ocean has fashioned us and given us an inheritance in our blood which we can never dissipate nor alter.

The child who puts a sea-shell to its ear and fancies it can hear the murmur of the ocean still lingering in the shell is told

that it is merely due to the flow of blood in the ear, giving a murmur, which is rendered distinct by the shell resonating it. He does, indeed, hear *a* murmur of the ocean, but of the ocean of long ages ago!

Science Jottings

WE are pleased to offer to our readers an article from the pen of Prof. Macallum. Prof. Macallum is one of the outstanding figures in the physiological world to-day, and was one of the very few to be honored by the recent four hundredth anniversary of Aberdeen University.

Experiments recently performed with balloons show that, at a height of 14,000 yards, there is a zone where the temperature does not diminish with recession from the earth. This recalls former similar results obtained by deep-sea soundings.

The *New York Medical Journal* recently appeared with an interesting article on "Circus and Museum Freaks." The article accounts in a scientific way for many of the famous freaks familiar to us in our younger days.

A book has recently appeared which has much interest for the student of science. It is by Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, the co-worker with Darwin in his evolution theory. In this book he criticizes Prof. Lowell's book on "Mars and Its Canals," and takes the view that life is not possible there because of lack of water, vapor, low temperature, etc.

Astronomers are at present working on "Saturn's rings." The rings are turned edgewise to the earth to a greater degree than for forty-five years, and it is in this position that they are being studied. Astronomers have much better facilities for studying them now, and many interesting results may follow.

In England, women scientists are making another effort to gain admission to the Geological Society. Attempts have been made several times since 1889 to gain admission, but without success.

The perennial campaign against vivisection is on in London. Dr. Herbert Snow, a well-known London surgeon, claimed recently before the Royal Commission on Vivisection that, after thirty years of experiments there had been no practical results. Lord Rayleigh also was quoted as having been unable to point to any instance of progress furthered by vivisection.



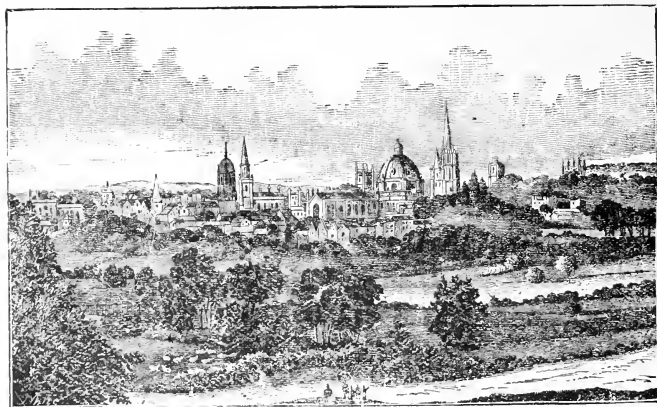
Religious Life in Oxford

E. BRECKEN, B.A.

IF we would understand modern Oxford aright, we must first know mediæval Oxford. For there is nothing Oxonian, from boat-races to chapel prayers, that does not have its roots in the past. And to understand why the life of Oxford is so distinctly religious, or, rather, ecclesiastical, in form, we must take a hasty glance at the conditions under which the great universities of the middle ages arose. In an age when the culture of Roman civilization had been displaced by the ruder, if more vigorous, life of the northern peoples, the Church alone withstood the onslaught of barbarism, and became the sole repository of learning. There were no printed books, and the few manuscripts were carefully preserved in the monasteries, which afforded shelter to groups of eager scholars. Every monastery, with its common life, and bands of studious neophytes, became a college in embryo. Chief among the English monasteries were certain priories of the Augustinian, Benedictine, and Franciscan orders at Oxenford, in the upper valley of the Thames. Gradually these cloistral schools attracted students from all England, and even from the Continent, until they embodied in the scope of their teaching all that is meant by a university. But there was no secular education; all the scholars were clerks or clerics; it was regarded as a great innovation when, at the foundation of Merton College in 1246, special provision was made for secular students. Wadham and St. John's, Trinity and Christ Church, are all the outgrowth of monastic institutions. Even the more secular colleges were established with a religious purpose, as is instanced in the charter of Queen's College, which was founded by Edward III. "to the honor of God, the profit and furtherance of the Church, and the salvation of souls."

With such an origin, it is easy to understand why the life in an Oxford college to-day centres in the Hall and the Chapel—

the common board, and the common worship, of a united household. It is true that many prefer paying the fines to attending the required number of chapel services, and since the removal of the religious test it is possible to claim exemption on the ground of Nonconformity, but every morning and evening the strains of the beautiful English Litany float through the "quads," reminding even the most careless of higher things than football and lectures. The choral service in Magdalen Chapel, whose choir is richly endowed, is considered the finest in England, not excepting even the Westminster Choir. The chapels are the most costly and beautiful of the college buildings, and indicate



GENERAL VIEW OF OXFORD.

the mediaeval conception of the place of religion in a liberal education—a conception that might do modern education no harm. The centre of this corporate religious life is the old University Church of St. Mary the Virgin—the church where Wycliffe denounced the errors of his day, where Ridley, Latimer and Cranmer were tried and condemned to the stake; where Wesley, as fellow of Lincoln, rebuked the vices of a dissolute age. In this church, where the English Reformation was born, the University Sermon is preached every Sunday morning, and in the evening there is preached a sermon especially for the undergraduates. When the preacher is popular, as in the case

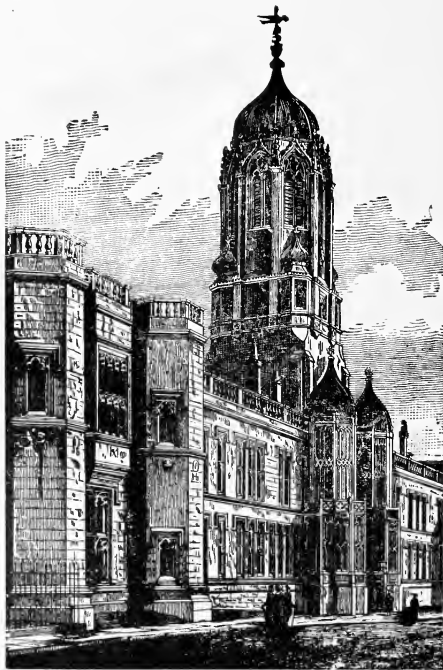
of the present Bishops of Stepney and of London, the church is crowded from chancel to gallery. But when the preacher is unpopular or unknown there will be but a corporal's guard to hear him, proving that the students do not attend from a sense of duty. In the Easter term the annual Bampton lectures in defence of the faith are also delivered in the University Church.

Yet, while traditional influences may to some extent shape the religious life of the undergraduates, they do not constitute it. Can the typical Oxford man of to-day be called "religious"? If so, what does he understand by "religion," and how does he express it? Now, this is precisely the most difficult question of all to answer. In the first place, you must find your "typical Oxford man." And there is to-day no such thing as the Oxford "type"; or, rather, the type is being submerged by other diverse elements of life in the university. In this stronghold of aristocracy there is a flourishing society of Socialists; in this chosen training-school for the Anglican clergy there are many candidates for the Free Church ministry. The revolution that is freeing Oxford from her mediaeval exclusiveness began with the abolition of religious tests in 1877, and has been further hastened by the influx of the Rhodes scholars. Oxford has ceased being an organism, and has become a microcosm.

Added to the hopelessness of determining the "type" is the fact that of all sentiments which the Englishman hides beneath his impassive exterior, that which he most carefully conceals is his religion. This does not mean that he is irreligious, but rather that his religion is too personal a matter for vulgar parade. "No doubt there is in Oxford a great deal of indifference to religion, just as there is a great deal of indifference to everything else. But, on the whole, it is a religious place." This is the estimate of Wm. Temple, M.A., in an article on "The Religion of the Oxford Undergraduate," which he contributed to the *Oxford and Cambridge Review* of last June. Mr. Temple is a son of the late Archbishop, and a fellow of Queen's, one of the most brilliant of the younger dons, and a consistent supporter of Christian Socialism. We shall have occasion to quote him frequently, since he speaks with the authority of an intimate acquaintance with Oxford life. "The main channel of religious life in Oxford," he says, "is not directly ecclesiastical at all; its outward forms are not so much the observances of the church or any other religious denomination, as social work, and critical discussion."

The societies which give expression to the religious life of the undergraduates are three: (i.) The Oxford University Church Union, (ii.) The Oxford Intercollegiate Christian Union, and (iii.) The Christian Social Union.

(i.) The Church Union has the reputation of being exclusively "high." Its influence is limited by the fact that its prim-



WEST FRONT OF CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE, OXFORD.

ary purpose is to hold together convinced Churchmen, rather than to enlarge its sphere. As an indication of the attitude of Oxford men to the National Church, may be taken the fact that last term, after a spirited debate in the Oxford Union, the house voted for disestablishment by a decisive majority. This, of course, does not mean disloyalty to the Church, but a desire to free it from State control.

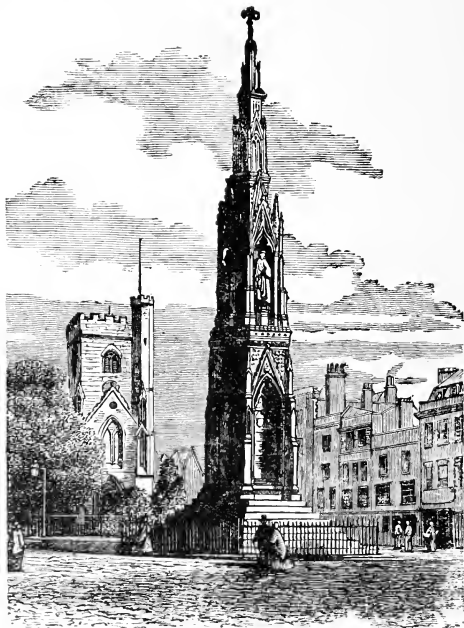
(ii.) The Oxford Intercollegiate Christian Union is non-denominational, or rather inter-denominational, in character, and its meetings mainly devotional. As such, it is not as yet an unqualified success with Oxford students; for, as Mr. Temple tells us, "the number of undergraduates who would care to join in informal devotional exercises in the company of any but their closest personal friends is very small." The O. I. C. U. is the Oxford branch of the Student Christian movement, which takes the place among British students that the Intercollegiate Y. M. C. A. holds in America. There is a summer camp at Conishead, which is largely attended and has done much to strengthen the influence of Christian students in the University and bring Oxford into touch with the other universities of Great Britain. The main support given to this Union is by the Nonconformist students, and as their numbers increase the Union will grow.

The rallying point for the Free Churches in Oxford is Mansfield College, which was founded in 1886, under the leadership of the late Dr. Dale and the present principal, Dr. Fairbairn, as a centre of evangelical teaching and influence for all the members of the University. The Sunday morning services in the chapel attract a large number of University men to hear such preachers as F. B. Meyer, Dr. McLure, Dr. Geo. Adam Smith. In the Mansfield Students' common room after dinner there are frequent informal conferences on such topics as "The use of the Bible in preaching," or "The relation of the Church to the workingman." There is also a weekly prayer-meeting, with free discussion of such questions as the meaning of "repentance," or of "forgiveness." There is a strong missionary spirit in Mansfield. Though the students number less than forty, only graduates studying theology being admitted, there are six student volunteers. One of the younger tutors, Mr. Evans, M.A., was chairman of the Student Missionary Conference at Liverpool last January, and is under appointment by the London Missionary Society to go to China next year.

The Volunteer Band at Oxford numbers about forty men, who meet on Saturday mornings for a prayer-meeting, and then have breakfast together. There are five Rhodes scholars in the Band, and one of them, Mr. Moran, of Wadham (scholar from California), was leader for the Michuwas term. The undercurrent of missionary interest that pervades Oxford was shown by two crowded mass meetings, one held in Christ Church Hall before the Liverpool Conference, and the other after the Conference, in Balliol Hall. At the former, Canon Weston, of Zanzibar, appealed for six men to go to Central Africa for the

work of the Universities' Mission, which was established by Cambridge and Oxford under the direction of David Livingstone. Before the term closed there had been thirteen volunteers. The spirit of the martyred Bishop Patteson, late fellow of Merton, is yet alive in Oxford.

(iii.) There is, however, more interest in social than in missionary work. The influence of John Ruskin's teaching is strong



THE MARTYR'S MEMORIAL, OXFORD.

in the University, and the Christian Social Union exists for the purpose of making professing Christians feel their responsibility for social and economic conditions. There are discussions of such subjects as "Child Labour and Physical Deterioration," "The Ethics of Wealth"; and members are encouraged to patronize only good employers, of whom a "white list" is published. Oxford men support and direct three social settlements in East London: (1) Toynbee Hall, which has no definite relig-

ious basis; (2) Oxford House, which is definitely Church of England; and (3) the Oxford Medical Mission in Bermondsey, which is frankly "evangelical." There is also a Mansfield Settlement House in Canning Town, east of Whitechapel, while Methodist students take an interest in the Bermondsey Wesleyan Settlement, which looks to the universities for workers. In the city of Oxford itself, one college recently established a boys' club in a poor district, and has made itself responsible for the management. In these institutions the dilettante Socialist has the opportunity of adding personal experience to a theoretical acquaintance with social problems. England is on the verge of a tremendous social revolution, and it is well that among her students there are being trained men who in years to come will from the floor of the Commons, from the editor's desk, or from the pulpit, meet the inevitable crisis with a sympathetic understanding and unselfish devotion to the highest good.

Perhaps the most characteristic form of religious life at Oxford is the informal discussion of individual and social religious problems, as already mentioned. Men meet in groups at luncheon or tea and talk freely and intimately of the deepest things in life, as they would not talk in a public meeting. "Nowhere is discussion so thorough as among undergraduates," says Mr. Temple again, "because they have tolerably well-trained minds, and no sense of responsibility to cramp them. A steady fire of criticism is maintained upon all possible theories, but upon none more unceasingly than upon the theories of religion. . . . Taken broadly, the result is a deepening of reverence and a widening of tolerance." This is true of the writer's experience in such discussions at Mansfield, and at the weekly class for Methodist students which meets in the Wesley Memorial Church. There are about sixty Methodists in the University, several of whom are local preachers on the Oxford circuit "plan." They are held together by the Wesley Society, and this University class, of which the former is more social and the latter more religious in character. But there is no constraint, no unnaturalness, no cant. The Oxford man is a sworn enemy to cant. He has learned to think too deeply to tolerate cant. "The deepest religious force in Oxford," to conclude with another quotation from Temple, "is the spirit of remorseless search, willing, with Descartes, to doubt everything that can be doubted, but proving its belief that God is, and that He is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him, by its continued search and its resolute refusal to take metaphor for definition."

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Editorial

A Plea for English

"It is a pity they use such poor words to express such excellent ideas" is the criticism Rudyard Kipling makes of Canadian newspaper men, after paying a tribute to their energy, resourcefulness, intelligence, and clearness of thought. Striking as is such an indictment from a man of Mr. Kipling's perspicacity and judgment, it arrests our attention, and, if we are honest, compels a reluctant admission that the charge contains more than a modicum of truth. While our best papers compare favorably with any others in the world in general appearance, moral tone, and as guides and reflectors of public opinion, it must be conceded that most of our writers lack the ease, grace, force and finish that mark the master-hand.

To charge our professional writers with being deficient in powers of expression is to arraign the whole nation, and, what concerns us more particularly, the university graduates. This question should engage our serious thought. Are university men, as a rule, facile or skillful with the pen? The answer is emphatically negative. The vast majority appear to lack both

the inclination and the ability to write well, and regard even the simplest composition as a real task. Many a time have we approached a person for a contribution to our pages, only to receive the reply, "Oh, I can't write; really, I can't." One would think, to hear these people talk, that the world of letters was a *terra incognita* to them. Such an answer might be partially forgiven in a Medical or School of Science man, but, coming from an Arts student, is of more serious import. Not long since, we asked for a certain article from a recent graduate, a scholarship man in the Humanities. Modesty may be a partial, but not a sufficient reason for his refusal, because, with an evident desire to oblige, he offered to gather the material and furnish the information for the article in question, if only we would get someone else to write it. Could an uneducated man have overheard, what a fine opinion he would have formed of the value of a university education!

The foregoing case is by no means exceptional: it is fairly typical. The question, then, naturally arises: What is the cause, and wherein lies the remedy for this literary ineptitude? The fault cannot lie entirely with the individual, or it would not be so general. The more probable explanation is to be found in the defective training, or, rather, lack of training, provided in our educational system.

Facility in the expression of ideas cannot be acquired in a day by haphazard methods or chance, so it is absurd to expect a student to acquire it during four short years at the university, when other studies make great demands on his time. Of course, much can be done even here, and the increased importance that is being attached to the study of English and essay work is encouraging. Still more might be done along the same line; but, after all, this is only poking the fire at the top. The source of the trouble lies in our primary schools; there it is the remedy must be sought.

In our public and high schools, of which we boast so much, there is possibly no subject that is taught in a more perfunctory and unsystematic way than the English language and literature. Legislators and teachers alike seem to have combined to render this subject the shame of our educational system, the former, by supplanting it in the curriculum by fads; the latter, by neglecting, either through inability or inertia, to properly teach it. As a result, the time devoted to Literature, Grammar, Rhetoric, and Composition is entirely disproportionate to the importance of the subject; particularly is this true of composi-

tion. Thus it is that so many matriculants enter the university with a knowledge and appreciation of good literature, and an ability to put their thoughts on paper than many an English common school boy could surpass. This handicap he bears through his university course, and frequently through his whole future career.

Our system of education has passed through repeated stages of faddism and experimentation. It is time that adequate recognition is made of the supreme importance of the study of our mother tongue. Some of our graduates will enter the teaching profession; all will, or should be leaders in educational thought. It is to be hoped their influence will be strongly and persistently exerted towards securing for the teaching of English a much larger place in our educational system.

About the Rink

As has been announced in the Athletic columns, this year has witnessed the wiping out of the Athletic Union's debt, leaving a large surplus still on hand. It should be no small source of gratification to the retiring executive to note the flourishing condition of the Union, and the increased interest that is being shown in athletics generally. For this prosperity they deserve the congratulation and gratitude of all students. Perhaps few of the men of the lower years realize how many of our present facilities—the Athletic Building, the tennis courts, the rink—in fact, nearly everything we possess along that line—are due to the energetic and persevering action of former executives. Many things which we think should have been provided by the college authorities would not be ours to day were it not for the Athletic Union, and the vigorous policy it has pursued in the past.

* * *

Now that the debt is paid off, it is to be hoped that in the future the rink will be run less as a money-making concern and more as an institution for the students. With practically unrestricted admission, the crowds have become so great, particularly during the past winter, as to preclude the possibility of real enjoyment, or even of adequate exercise. We believe the rink should exist primarily for the physical and social benefit of our students, and as it is not large enough to accommodate more than our present members, some plan should be devised whereby

it may be reserved almost exclusively for Victoria students and their friends.

Unrestricted admission has two very serious disadvantages. In the first place, it permits the assembling of a more or less motley crowd, and the enforced association, in close contact, with many people who do not tend to elevate the social or moral tone. It savors too much of Bohemianism, which, while it may advertise Victoria, can hardly be said to exalt her prestige. Students are, of all classes, pre-eminently democratic, but this does not mean that we should throw aside all the barriers which private life recognizes as its safeguards; rather should our education incline us to greater care in our choice of associates, even if it be only for an evening's skating; but the present system deprives us of all choice in the matter.

The second evil is so obvious as scarcely to require mention. Our rink can nicely accommodate about four or five hundred. Multiply that number by three or four and it is apparent ail must suffer. Fifteen hundred people cannot be crowded in the space of five hundred without a serious sacrifice of comfort and pleasure, yet this has occurred in the past. The rink should be first, last, and always for the students. Relieved now of the necessity for making it a source of revenue there is no reason why next year a policy of restriction should not be adopted.

* * *

There is also another point to consider. In the past the excess of receipts over running expenses was applied to the reduction of the debt, so there never was a very large surplus from year to year. This was well and good, but now, without a definite demand upon the revenue if the present policy is pursued there must inevitably be large surpluses. All agree it is a very comfortable thing to have a favorable bank balance and to be able to report a large balance of cash on hand. As a matter of fact, however, large surpluses are opposed to all sound doctrines of public finance. They tend to looseness and lavishness of government and a lessening of the sense of responsibility. History is strewn with wrecks of this kind. Everyone has been rejoicing of late because of the generous gifts of the Athletic Union to the Lit. Y.M.C.A. and other needy institutions. While these donations reveal a laudable spirit on the part of the Athletic Union executive, and at first glance seem most timely, it would be extremely unfortunate to establish them as a precedent. If the other societies once feel that in time of need they have only to call upon the Athletic Union for funds, there will be a

strong tendency to destroy their self-reliance and independence, two qualities necessary for any foundation of real strength. Good feeling and friendship between the societies is one thing; interdependence is another, and likely to develop into one bearing the burden of all. Irresponsibility of this kind is often the forerunner of extravagance and weak management. We cannot afford to take the risk. Surpluses are all right in private concerns. Public functions are best performed by an attempt to balance receipts and expenditures as nearly as possible.

* * *

Regarding restriction several suggestions have been made. In the first place, the position of Sec.-Treas. of the rink should be changed. Instead of receiving a salary on a percentage basis, which puts a premium on the revenue producing policy, let him be paid a definite salary independent of receipts. This is a necessary preface to any scheme of reform. (2) Raise the prices to all outsiders. (3) Exclude young children entirely. (4) From the hours four to six on ordinary days the whole rink should be open to students, say, two hockey rinks and the rest for skating. (5) On band nights and Saturday afternoons open all four rinks for skating. Perhaps it isn't generally known that the hockey teams are the chief source of revenue, and to restrict them would mean a serious loss. If the rink should fail to prove self-sustaining we believe we have a fair claim to support from the college authorities. In the past their policy seems to have been one of *laissez-faire*; we could do as we liked so long as we didn't ask them for money. Under the circumstances past Athletic Union executives have done wonderful work and deserve nothing but praise. But we do think that present conditions require a change in policy next year—the rink for the students, not the students for the rink.

A College Dining Hall

The announcement that the plans for the new library have been practically accepted is a welcome bit of news to all students and friends of the Victoria. In our next issue we hope to give a somewhat detailed and illustrated description of the building as far as can be given from the plans and specifications. Meanwhile we can only say that in every respect it will be worthy of its founder and of the institution of which it is to form a part.

With the practical disposal of the library question one more barrier to the long talked of residence project is removed and

the students are looking forward with hopeful anticipation to the realization of their unanimous desire for a residence. If the increased interest displayed on every hand in the residence scheme is an earnest of what we may expect to see an accomplished fact within a few years the outlook is very encouraging indeed. But this is still looking to the future, and in the meantime it is imperative that some temporary expedient be adopted to provide a common dining hall at least. The general advantages of a dining hall are pretty well known, but there are especial reasons why it is particularly needed now, why something should be done *at once* even at the sacrifice, if necessary, of considerable trouble and money.

It is a commonplace to assert that no college can be a real success, unless among its students there exists the unifying, energizing force of a strong *esprit de corps*. This it is that maintains its traditions, keeps unsullied its ideals, and serves perhaps more than any other one factor to prevent it from becoming a mere institution—a factory for grinding out knowledge. College spirit means college life: without it is no corporate feeling, no unity, no real identity of interests. It might be remarked in passing that a strong college spirit is not, as some people seem to think, destructive of university spirit. Quite the reverse. Just as no country can possess a strong national feeling where the ties of the smaller unit, the family are weak, so no university can be truly strong or united if unity is lacking in its constituent parts.

The means for the promotion of college spirit are various. Some we can see and know; the working of others are more mysterious, but one chief requisite is the assembling on some common meeting ground. To this end lectures, sports, Lit., Y.M.C.A. and social functions all contribute, and in the past when nearly everybody belonged to every society, any one of them was a sort of gathering place for the whole college. Now, however, due largely to our increased attendance, conditions have changed. Particularly during the present year has there been a very marked tendency among the students to break up into little groups, each more or less self-centred and indifferent to the welfare of his fellows. Such a condition of affairs is pregnant with the elements of disintegration, and is a portentous sign of the times. Already there can be noticed a decadence of the strong college spirit that animated the students of former days. If anyone doubts this, let him reflect on the lamentably small attendance at Lit., Y.M.C.A., the Athletic Union mass meet-

ing, the inter-college debates and games and every other function at which the students are expected to attend *en masse*. These are facts that cannot be explained on the ground of mere coincidence.

It is a truism that the process of disintegration is usually more rapid than that of construction. So a few years might suffice to destroy the ideals and college spirit that have been the growth of generations. Such ideals and spirit have been ours. What are we going to do with them? The question must be faced now. If a residence or dining hall would help to bind together the diverse elements of which our student body is composed—and we believe most emphatically that it would—and if, as many who have most closely observed the course of recent events believe, there is danger of our falling apart as it were by our own weight, and the next few years will be crucial ones for Victoria, it is imperative that the authorities take the necessary steps, even if they be only temporary, to provide a dining hall at least. Of what value are a few paltry dollars compared with MEN? Of what use will a residence be in five or six years if in the meantime the continuity of our existence has been broken, our traditions have been forgotten, and our ideals lowered? These are the very heart and life of the college. We dare not neglect them for we cannot afford to lose them.

Material considerations, though less important, also give weight to the demand for a dining hall. Not for years, if ever, has there been such difficulty in securing good wholesome board at a reasonable price. It may sound sordid to talk of such things, but we cannot neglect them. It is all very well to say we are here for intellectual development, but it is also well to remember the maxim, *mens sana in corpore sano*. For our physical well-being, exercise, fresh air and good, wholesome food are necessary. Of these, the first two have received some attention from the authorities; the latter has been almost entirely neglected. With the men the board question has become acute. High prices and wretched board have been the common lot all year. "It's time for a change" is the unanimous cry. They are looking to the college for remedial action.

The practical difficulties of the scheme should not be very great, nor should there be any serious financial burden connected with it. Once the dining hall were started it should prove self-sustaining. As we said before, in default of something permanent, a temporary expedient ought to be adopted, such as renting a number of houses near by, say on Czar St., or if that were

impossible, renting a dining hall on Yonge Street, fitting it up and running it with some regard to the comfort and general welfare of the students. The financial and administrative difficulties are not so great. All we need is the initiative and determination.

Lockers

Another matter of less importance, but none the less demanding the urgent attention of the authorities, is the installation of lockers in the men's cloak-rooms. For a long time the men have been agitating for this but have of late desisted on the understanding that they would be provided in the new library. It therefore came as somewhat of a shock to learn that owing to conditions attached to the deed of gift it is impossible to have lockers in the library building. The matter ought not to be postponed further. Too often we have been put off when asking for needed reforms with the plea that comprehensive schemes were on foot, in view of which it would be unwise to spend money on improvements that could only be temporary and might on that account involve unnecessary expenditure. This argument does not hold with reference to lockers, for even if they were installed in our present building and in a few years it was desired to remove them to a new one whose erection is still a matter of conjecture, it could be done with practically no extra cost, except that of moving. There is nothing about them that would be injured by removal.

The need for lockers has long been felt and each year the necessity becomes greater. The racks, which are at present our only accommodation, are quite inadequate for their purpose. Apart altogether from the opportunities they give for petty thieving, which has been so common this year in the whole university, they do not sufficiently protect the coats and hats hung upon them. It might astonish us if we knew the exact pecuniary loss caused every year by hats and coats being accidentally thrown off the racks on the floor. With increasing numbers and consequent increased crowding, the loss from this source each year grows greater.

Lockers would also be advantageous in other ways. In the morning students bring to the college books which they expect to use during the day. At present there is no place where they

can be left other than the tables and windows downstairs. This was very unsatisfactory, but now has become intolerable. Books become lost or interchanged and an endless amount of inconvenience and annoyance is caused the owners. With individual lockers every man would have a place for his own clothing, books, etc., for which he alone would be responsible, and of which he alone would have the opportunity to use at will. Lockers are not a luxury, but under present conditions, a necessity to safeguard the rights of private property. Between the college and every student there is an implied contract that it will protect his property while in it. Surely then the request for lockers is eminently just and reasonable.

Editorial Board, 1908-9

The following is the personnel of ACTA staff for 1908-9:

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PERSONALS AND EXCHANGES

Personals

A. G. SINCLAIR, '96, Ph. D. (Heidelberg), has accepted a call to the Presbyterian Church at Dawson City, Y. T. On leaving St. Andrew's Church, Winnipeg, which pulpit he has filled for the past six months in the absence of the regular pastor, he was presented by the congregation with an address and purse.

F. W. H. JACOBIE, '96, M.A., '98, M.F. (Yale), was recently elected Assistant Secretary of the Canadian Forestry Association, and also Secretary-Treasurer of the recently formed Canadian Society of Forest Engineers.

Rev. Dr. J. H. Riddell, '90, B.D. '92, now Principal of Alberta College, Edmonton, paid a welcome call at his Alma Mater in the course of a recent trip East.

Rev. J. F. Knight, '05, M.A. '06, has been renewing acquaintances around the halls.

J. W. Miller, '04, B.D. '07, is spending a few weeks at Victoria since his return from Glasgow.

The announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss May L. Scott, Vesta, Minn., to Arthur R. Ford, city editor of *Winnipeg Telegram*. The marriage will likely take place in the fall. Mr. Ford is a graduate of '03 and was prominent in college circles of a few years ago, being President of the Athletic Union in his final year.

Several important changes were made at a recent Board Meeting.

Rev. J. W. Graham, acting Secretary of Education, was added to the board, as was also Dr. Addison.

N. W. DeWitt, '99, Ph. D., of whose excellent work mention was made in our last issue, was appointed to the chair of Ancient History, to succeed Dr. Bain.

Rev. A. P. Misener, '00, M.A. '01, B.D., formerly lecturer in Semitics, was made associate professor in that department.

M. St. Elm de Champ was appointed lecturer in French.

His friends of '07 will be glad to learn that F. B. Owen has been appointed to the College staff as Lecturer in German. In

pursuance of his appointment, he has left (Friday, April 17th) for a summer's study in Germany, and will return in the fall to take up his duties on the staff.

W. K. Fraser, of University College, a son of Professor Fraser of the University, has been chosen as the Rhodes Scholar for the present year.

Exchanges

The students of Manitoba College are following our action of last year in the amalgamation of the executive council of the Students' Mass Meeting with that of the Literary Society. Henceforth all college business conducted by the students, except the direction of athletics, will be done in the Lit.

Wesley College, Winnipeg, is about to begin the erection of a Ladies' College in connection with the University.

Rev. Howard Sprague, M.A., D.D., pastor of Centenary Church, St. John, N.B., has been chosen to succeed the late Rev. Dr. Paisely as Dean of the Faculty of Theology in Mt. Allison University.

"FANCY VERSUS JUDGMENT."

"There are students who, in their intellectual work, exercise more what we may call the fancy than the other powers of the mind. More or less contemptuous as to their class manuals and their class tasks, they engage in a number of minor, but more attractive investigations. None, apparently, are more busy, and more studious, and none bear more jauntily the self-awarded diplomas of a vast erudition. Yet the show of learning will not bear close inspection. No crop can be gathered where there is no proper tilling, seeding and cultivation of the ground. Students make a mistake when they hurry through their exercises without revising them; when, in the lecture-room, they give themselves to vague reverie instead of being alert and attentive. Such students may get into a lazy habit of stopping at and noting things that strike or startle them; they may be satisfied with what amuses, pleases, attracts them, and they may think it is all right, and that nothing more is necessary. Yet they are using only their fancy, developing only a side of their mind, in perhaps the least perfect way they can . . . Things differ with the student who uses his judgment. He makes it his first and capital duty, in sporting parlance, to tackle the subjects

marked in the curriculum for his form. He tackles them all, and he tackles them low; that is, he goes beneath the surface ideas. He observes carefully, examines actively, compares judiciously, verifies strictly. He renders no verdict until he has thoroughly mastered the chosen subject by means of study and concentrated thought. Students of this sort are rare, but they need little surveillance and little urging. Their progress toward the beacon of true learning, at first sure, by-and-by becomes rapid."—"*Univ. of Ottawa Review*."

The *McMaster Monthly*, always bright and attractive, is becoming a magazine of more than local interest. "Recent Canadian Poetry" in the February and March numbers is full of choice quotations and apt criticism of the recent work of Ethelwyn Wetherald, Robert W. Service and Mrs. M. A. Maitland. The article is fresh and inspiring. "Henry David Thoreau," beginning in the March number, is a personal sketch of the life and teaching of that well-known philosopher and man of letters. Short stories, travel sketches and the usual college news and discussion of college questions make up a magazine that is at once an accurate reflection of life and thought at McMaster, and a real addition to current literature.

UNDERGRADUATE NARROW-MINDEDNESS.

One of the most pitiful faults of the Harvard undergraduate is his narrow-mindedness. I do not mean narrow-minded in the technical sense, but simply the unwillingness to believe that any point of view, other than one's own, is worth consideration. Most men enter college with a certain fixed code of what they approve and disapprove, and whomever they are thrown into contact with, they damn or sanction accordingly. We take little pains to ascertain or measure the real quality of men different from ourselves, and are much too apt to form our opinions hastily. It is surprising how often two men, both admirable types, who, if they really understood, or tried to understand each other, would be the best of friends,—are estranged by laziness and a few superficial differences. Each man thereby loses an enormous opportunity for broadening himself. Opinions should not be swords with which to ward off possible modifiers. If a man's opinions do not change from year to year, it is pretty likely that they are already dead and rotting.

There is room in the modern world for all sorts and conditions of men, and because A is a good fellow and a Republican

it does not follow that B, who is a Democrat, is a fool. If the undergraduate could only realize that it is not weak to change his point of view when he has found a better one, and that the man who is in reality the master of the situation is the man who has an inquisitive and serious attitude toward the views and personalities of others, even when they conflict with his own!

To lose oneself in the general mass and multitude of men, and to feel a fundamental, underlying basis of passionate sympathy with all human modes of emotion, is the only way to find one's best individuality.—*Harvard Monthly*.

"Notes from Oxford" written for *The Acadia Athenaeum*, by a Rhodes scholar from Acadia, is the most interesting account of student life at Oxford that we have seen in an exchange.

The Ladies' Department in *Manitoba College Journal* furnishes the latest literary freak, in the form of an attempt to show how Wordsworth, Tennyson and Milton, respectively, would have written the story of Jack and Jill. Since reading it we have forsworn limericks entirely:

"Wordsworth, his heart touched by the rustic pathos of the story, might have written:

'There dwelt within a humble cot,
Beside a towering hill,
A farmer lad whose name was Jack
And his loved sister Jill.

One day they wandered forth full gay
To find a mountain rill,
At eventide they made their graves
By that unfriendly hill !'

Tennyson, too, would have sighed as he wrote:

Rich sunshine fills the vales and hills,
Two tender children, girl and brother,
Start out to bring from the high spring
A cup of water for their mother.

O hie, children, hie! they hear her faint voice crying;
Yes, mother, yes! the children answer, hieing, hieing,
hieing!

Oh Fate! oh Death! they feel thy breath!

For as they climb the rocky slope,

The brother slips, the sister trips,

And shattered is the mother's hope!

Come, children, come, her faint voice still is crying;

Come, children, come! the echoes answer dying, dying,
dying!

And the mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies, with his organ voice, would have rolled forth:

"Of Jack's great fall from that high eminence—

From which fell also his loved sister, Jill,

While they were climbing upward to a spring,

From which they thought to quench their raging thirst—

Of this great fall from lofty place and great,

Sing, oh, my muse, and let the heavens be mute!"

AD AMICUM.

"At one dear knee we proffer'd vows."—*Tennyson.*

Do I remember? how can I forget

The dear dark hills which knew me, whom I knew;

The splash of streams at morn, the beaded dew,

And all the natural miracle that you

And I with you had watched in earlier days,

Ere in Time's garden we had gathered rue

Of sundered lives and our divided ways.

Divided ways! but Time shall not beget

Division of our hearts, if we be true

To those old visions, nor no fire of fate

Consume the bands that bind us being two,

But of one mind; and whether skies be blue,

Or whether dark; through good hap or through ill.

Each new day's dawn our compact shall renew,

And childhood's memories keep us faithful still."

—*The Student.*



THE Annual Senior Dinner held on the evening of March 6th was a fitting climax to the round of social functions of the present college year. All things being considered, the Dinner was a complete success and reflected much credit on the Committee which had it in charge.

Those who were entrusted with the sale of tickets feared for a time that the much-talked-of stringency in the money market had become localized in our College, but as the hour drew nigh college spirit triumphed over such obstacles, and the number that finally gathered to bid farewell to the graduating class was larger than in any previous year. Of course, the Seniors were all there; the Juniors proved excellent hosts; the Freshmen are always present at a college function, and this year the Sophomores broke all previous records, marshalling for the occasion the goodly number of forty.

The speeches of the evening were of a high standard of merit and were noticeably shorter than usual. Some were witty and racy, others earnest and thoughtful, and it has been a matter of idle curiosity since whether Mr. C. M. Wright, '08, in proposing the toast to the ladies was quite serious in all he said. The Senior Dinner Song, an ebullition from the pen of J. L. Rutledge, B.A., was well rendered by F. J. R. Staples, '10, and was accorded a splendid reception. The choruses provided by the different years and generously interspersed throughout the programme served to enliven the proceedings, those of the Third Year being especially appreciated.

A very pleasing feature of the evening was the first appearance in our midst of the recently elected head of our University, President Falconer. During his term of office President Falconer, by his strong, winning personality and his sympathy and interest in all student affairs has won the utmost respect and admiration of the student body of Toronto University, and his presence added much to the general interest and appreciation of the dinner.

Prof. A. R. Bain, LL.D., was the guest of honor of the evening in view of the fact that he is entering his fiftieth year of

service to the college. From his long experience and intimate association with the history of our College, he was able to give a very interesting *résumé* of its growth and expansion from the time of its early Cobourg days.

Space does not permit any detailed account of the several speeches to the different toasts. Below we give a few quotations, picked up here and there during the evening:

Prineipal Hutton—I never object to being introduced as the “polished head” of the University.

“Rejoice, O young men of Victoria, in the co-education of your University!”

“The professors cannot be distinguished from so many policemen.”

C. M. Wright, '08 (proposing toast to the ladies)—After all, about half of a man's life is a woman, and, alas! in some cases more than half.

“He who would understand woman is face to face with the sphinx—sphinx-like in all save silence.”

J. E. Brownlee, '08—By education we mean either that we know a subject ourselves or that we know where to get a great deal of information on a subject.

“To cultivate the body of an athlete with the soul of a sage should be the aim of the college man.”

E. H. Ley, '08—Here at college we make friends who will stick to us through life.

[We would like to quote some of the classical parts of Principal Hutton's speech if we could; and some of the classical parts of President Miller's speech, if we dared.—Ed.]

Miss C—ke, '09 (to a Freshie who had been plugging for a Religious Knowledge exam.)—Say, I can see the five gospels fairly sticking out of your eyes.

St—s, '10 (modestly)—Two or three girls asked me to stay with them on the next Glee Club trip.

Miss L—, '11—I think Mr. Br—ce must have a lot of memorizing to do; he looks round the library so much!

Miss L—, '10—Well, if our pin is so inferior, why don't you wear your own?

Miss M—er, '11—Oh, I left it in Ottawa.

Miss S—n, '11—But you said he sent it back!

Photographer (to Senior Dinner Committee)—Do you want head and shoulders only?

M—r, '09—Oh, yes, I haven't shined my shoes.

Miss L—, '08—Next year when Mr. M— is leading the Bible class I can imagine I hear him say, "Oh, yes, that reminds me of a story away back in Genesis."

At Eaton's: Miss G.—What are you buying?

Miss M.—Nothing; I'm just shopping.

G—n, '09—If the girls do the arranging of partners for the Senior Dinner, I'll have to take three or four.

St—le, '08—One thing has impressed me all through my college course. When I attended my first Anti-Bob meeting I was told that ——— was the best-looking man of the year. It struck me as so funny that I have never forgotten it.

Miss L—, '11—What course is Miss G— taking?
Pedagogy.

Miss L.—Has that anything to do with feet?

The following was discovered on the autograph page of a Senior Dinner menu:

Our eyes have met,
Our lips not yet.
Here's hoping.

Miss L—, '11—Where is Jerusalem? In Egypt?

E—ge, '09—Isn't Miss H—l—d the occasional student at the S. P. S.?

The following report was received from one of the measles patients at the hall:

A.M.—White with red spots.
P.M.—Red with white spots.

Judging from the following poem, the learning and wit of the Senior Dinner speeches were not fully appreciated:

Freshmen are asleep,
Sophis were in a daze,
Juniors were resigned,
Seniors were composed.
Toasts were long
Jokes were few,
Speakers many,
Big menu!

It was told on good authority that Ap—th spent his time during the lecture at Lit. a few weeks ago looking at the Buster Brown page of *The Star*. Fie!

Miss B— '09 (absently contemplating a laundry sign)—Sam Wo,—in other words, Where is Sam?

Freshman—Where do we write our Religious Knowledge?

In the Chapel.

Freshman—Well, do we write with our paper on our knees?

No, the theologs have to kneel down and write on the benches.

The motto at Annesley just now is, "Don't get rash!"

To Freshette—So you got measles teaching the Finns, did you?

Freshette—Oh, no! Several men at the College have measles.

The following is a copy of an epistle received by the vice-president of the First Year:

"Dear Madam.—On receipt of the accompanying confection, please favor the undersigned with desirable partners for the approaching festivity known as the Senior Dinner. Yours sincerely, —, '11."

Dr. Edgar (to crowd of Freshettes)—What are you going to do?

Freshette—Practice Senior Dinner songs.

Dr. E.—Well, don't sing near me.

At the '09 election to Torontonensis Board Miss Birnie and W. P. Clement were the victims. It looks like a straight ticket.

Clerk at the "Elm"—This meal ticket is no good; it should have been used last week.

M—l—er, '09—Well, that's all right; the meals should have, too.

The last meeting of the Women's Literary Society was held in Alumni Hall on March 18. The meeting was well attended, as all the undergraduates were anxious to benefit by the words of advice which custom has established must be given by the Seniors on that occasion.

The programme consisted entirely of the speeches by the members of the graduating class. They were all interesting and entertaining, and caused each undergraduate to look ahead to the time when they would be uttering similar words under like circumstances.

Miss Scott, '08, presented a picture of McWhirter's Lake Como to the undergraduate years, on behalf of the graduating year, for which the former expressed hearty appreciation.

After an excellent speech from the President, refreshments were served. The meeting was brought to a close by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and the usual Victoria class and college yells.

Miss Laird, '08, gave us the following poem by way of her farewell speech, and it certainly seemed suitable that her leave-taking should be in verse:

(With Apologies to Kipling.)

When the last exam. is over and the pens are cleaned and dried,
While the profs. are correcting the papers of all the poor saints
who tried,

We shall rest, and faith we shall need it, sleep for a week or two,
Until at the Convocation they give unto each her due.

And those that were good shall be happy: they shall wear a B.A.
hood,

They shall talk in Greek and Latin as never the Ancients could;
They shall go to the faculty dinner, with profs. both great and
small;

They shall smile all thro' the dinner and never be tired at all—
And everyone then shall praise us, and no one at all will blame—
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for
fame—

But each for the joy of idling, and each in her own sweet way,
Will spend the days as she pleases, and no one will say her nay.

The Executive of the Young Women's Christian Association for years 1908-9 is: Hon. Pres., Mrs. Lang; Pres., Miss C. Hewitt; Vice-Pres., Miss M. Bowers; Sec., Miss B. Archibald; Treas., Miss E. Locklin.

The following compose the Executive of the Women's Literary Society for years 1908-9: Hon. Pres., Mrs. Rowell; Pres., Miss I. Whitlan; Vice-Pres., Miss W. Knox; Critic, Miss E. Clark; Sec., Miss L. Henry; Rec. Sec., Miss H. Daffoe; Pianist, Miss E. Horning. Members on ACTA Board:—Lit. Ed., Miss C. Dunette; Local Ed., Miss K. Lukes.

At the closing meeting of the Union Literary Society the following were elected to the executive for the fall terms of 1908: Hon. Pres., C. E. Auger, B.A.; Pres., J. H. Arnup, '09;

1st Vice-Pres., H. P. Edge, '09; 2nd Vice-President, W. E. MacNiven, '10; Critic, E. G. Sanders, '08; Asst. Critic, H. G. Manning, '09; Leader of Government, C. F. Connolly, '09; Leader of Opposition, J. J. Pearson, '10; Treas., L. H. Kirby, '10; Rec. Sec., W. Moorhouse, '11; Asst. Rec. Sec., J. Rumball, '11; Pianist, H. E. Manning, '11; Asst. Pianist, C. S. Applegath, C.T. Councillors—M. A. Miller, '09; J. K. Ockley, '09; A. G. Doan, C.T.; Curator, H. Willans, C.T.

Every Professor in the University is required to make the following declaration: "I hold myself bound in honor to give no information to any student, directly or indirectly, by which the approaching examination of that student may be affected." Dr. Reynar explains that this is why the unexpected so often appears on examination papers.

Miss Lewis, '08—I hope you are coming to the Senior Reception, Professor Langford.

Prof. Langford—No, I think not. I'm afraid I'd cause an epidemic of scarlet fever in the college.

Miss Lewis—Oh, never mind that. You'd be most likely to give it to the Faculty, anyway.

The class of 1911 are contemplating designing, or having designed, a *new* class-pin, which they hope will be adopted as a college pin by succeeding years. We think it would be well if this could be done satisfactorily.



SINCE last the Athletic Editor sat down to grind out his monthly grist a big change has come over things athletic around the College. At this time last month the last game of hockey was just being played and the last band-night had yet to take place. Now every vestige of the rink has vanished except a few isolated heaps of snow and a few poles here and there in the ground. A month ago there was snow several inches deep on the tennis courts and it was freely remarked pessimistically that, on account of the unusual amount of feathery covering this winter, that we would be lucky to be on the tennis courts by the first of May. But Old Sol and the warm south wind have got in their work, and the three tennis courts are now fully occupied every day, particularly between the hours of four and six, when even the most enthusiastic plug has to take a couple of hours off to keep up his health for the long grind. The tennis courts are not the only things occupied, for the alley board was in use almost before Arthur had announced that skating was over for this winter. The crowds waiting for the game emphasize the fact that we need more accommodation there, and need it speedily. Also, before this number of ACTA is in the hands of the readers we believe the first baseball game of the season will have been played.



A New Alley Board

We have long needed a new alley board, and the prospects are now that when we come back next fall we will have a new one in good shape. The old one will be torn down and a new one, which will be large enough to give accommodation for one four-man game and one two-man game at the same time will be erected. A welcome innovation will be the stringing along the top of the new board of netting a couple of yards high, which will prevent many a chase into the Chancellor's back yard. At time of going to press the alley schedule for the City Handball

League had not been drawn up, but it had been decided that Vic. should enter a two-man team. There will be plenty of material to choose from this spring, including the two Burts, Jewett, Alec Edmison, Kilpatrick, Bryce, Raymer, and a couple of others, and Manager Cass will have a hard job making his selection. At the annual alley meeting Fritz Moyer was elected to look after our alley interests next year.



An Inter-Year Tennis Cup

Don't get excited over the headline, for we haven't got the cup yet, nor have we even been offered one. But we have inter-year cups in Association and in hockey, and so why shouldn't we have one in tennis, too? Here's a chance for some plutocratic grad. who isn't quite sure whether to spend his money on a prize for Spanish or Hebrew prose for the benefit of the Vic. students to get a vote of thanks for something really useful. Applications will be received by the Sporting Editor.



New Tennis Courts

For the past two or three years particularly, it has been a recognized fact that the present tennis accommodation was totally inadequate, and now that there is a prospect of the new buildings being started within the next year or so something definite must be done. A committee appointed informally by next year's Athletic Union Executive will meet with the authorities, and the result—provided the authorities are willing—will probably be the building of three new grass courts on the east side of the walk, in addition to the three we have now. As the new grass courts will be fully equal to, if not better than, those at Varsity, we will have six first-class courts ready for use next fall, and that should suffice for the next few years.



Annual Meeting of Tennis Club

The annual meeting of the Tennis Club was held on Friday, March 20th, with E. G. Sanders, '08, President, in the chair. It was decided to write to Whitby, asking them their wish re-

garding the tennis tournament on the 24th of May. It was also decided that in future no player shall be allowed to take more than two prizes, outside of the Championship Cup, in the autumn tennis tournament.

The following officers were elected for next year: Hon. Pres., Rev. J. W. Graham, B.A.; Pres., M. A. Miller, '09; Vice-Pres., Miss A. E. Spencer, '09; Sec.-Treas., Geoffrey Adams, '10; Assistant, W. M. McCullough, '11; A. U. Rep., J. V. McKenzie, '09; Councillors, Misses Whitlam and Hyland, Messrs. J. E. Horning and H. G. Manning.

• • •

Annual Meeting of Athletic Union

As was intimated last month, a fuller report of the annual meeting of the Athletic Union is given. The following report was given by the Treasurer, R. P. Stockton:

RECEIPTS.

Balance from last year's account.....	\$365 62
Balance from last year's rink.....	77 01
General receipts (fees, lockers, etc.).....	271 25
Received from Rink Committee.....	700 00
	<hr/>
Estimated balance from rink.....	\$1413 88
	<hr/>
	1250 00
	<hr/>
	\$2663 88

EXPENDITURES.

Balance paid on Dr. Pott's note.....	\$500 00
Current expenses to date.....	526 11
Estimate expenses for balance of year (estimated from last year and including \$100 to Treas. of Rink Com)	375 00
	<hr/>
	\$1401 11
	<hr/>
Total receipts.....	\$2663 88
Total expenditures.....	1401 11
	<hr/>
	\$1262 77

Balance to credit of the Union at end of year will be about \$1250 or \$1300, with no outstanding debts or accounts against us.

The report of the Secretary, J. K. Oekley, is also given below:

Mr. President.—It is with some pleasure and satisfaction that I bring before you this report of the doings in the line of athletics for the past year. During this period true sport has shown itself around Victoria as it has never done before. At the begin-

ning of the year the men came back ready to stimulate any activity along athletic lines, and have continued to enter enthusiastically into each game as it came in season. We are pleased to note that it has not only been those who are already what we call "good sports" that have so interested themselves, but everybody seems to have joined in the effort to make the thing go.

At the first of the year it was apparent that either our predecessors or the college authorities showed considerable shortsightedness in the construction of our athletic building. The lockers, the baths, in fact, the entire building, has proved itself inadequate for the needs of our men. It will only be the matter of a year or so before we will be compelled to extend or rebuild our present quarters.

In the fall the tennis courts were constantly in use, players having to wait their turn in order to get a court. The executive took steps to have more courts installed, but were blocked by the authorities. It is evident that we need further accommodation, and as the Union is now free from debt I think it could, without embarrassing itself financially, meet the opposition and difficulties of the authorities and secure for us the necessary courts.

A new departure has been made by the introduction of basketball. By the enthusiasm already evinced we can predict (from this line of sport)—organization, entering a series, and then the bringing home of the silverware.

Rugby was again enthusiastically taken up in the fall, and though we were, as usual, up against hard luck, our prospects for the future are good. It was unfortunate that we did not have inter-year games before the Mulock Cup series, but for next year practice is provided for by the organization of a second team.

Victoria put up one Association team this year, the result being that we have at last secured the coveted cup. Seeing that our soccer team won out and that our Rugby team came very near being at the top, it can no longer be argued that Vic. will have to drop one or the other and confine herself to the one game. We have shown that we are in a position to uphold both Association and Rugby.

That a track club is needed around Vic. is shown by the interest taken in running last fall. Every night men made good time around the track and campus, and it is felt that with some organization this form of sport would be greatly furthered.

Our Union made a wise move in reserving two rinks for Vic. men. A great improvement in the hockey of the average man is noticeable, as more men have turned out this year than formerly. That curling be added to our winter sports has also been suggested, but at present it is deemed inexpedient to take it up, though in the future it may prove quite feasible.

To sum up—we won one cup, made a creditable showing in every contest which we entered, and during the year the interest in athletics has been maintained and increased. Therefore, you are to be congratulated, gentlemen, not only on what has been done in the past, but on the outlook for the future.

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